

SOLDIERS' LETTERS

From Pendleton Hall, son of Mr. And Mrs. J. H. Hall, with a Hospital Unite With the British Army.

France, Dec. 14, 1917.

Dearest Mother and Dad:-

I am writing this letter in our new Y. M. C. A. hut. It is sure a nice place. Of course the Y. M. C. A. have another big hut and concert room in the camp but it is too far from our hospital for us to use it and besides it is always crowded with "Tommies." Then the Church of England has a recreation hut in our camp but it is especially for the wounded so that is always crowded. Well, we had no warm place to go when off duty, no place to sit and talk or write or read, so Chaplain Dancey and Lt. Col. Collins put in a request for a hut for us and it was given. We "moved in" about two weeks ago. Nice big room about 20 x 35, with plenty of nice easy chairs and writing tables. Also we have a big library of good novels from the states. Just to show how popular the place is, look around with me. Over across the room are two fellows playing checkers, ten or fifteen others are writing letters, a couple are talking and the rest are sitting around the stove reading, some with their feet perched up on the railing, some almost out of sight in their chairs. Oh! I said they were all reading, but I see Chat Tallman is asleep. Our hut is some place and it's for us alone.

Well, I am going to answer as many of your questions as possible. First, I received X's letter and am answering it tonight. Second, * * *. Third, we sleep in tents but huts are being erected and we will be under roof by Xmas. Fourth, we work bloomin' hard and get very good food and good water. Fifth, the tobacco is rotten. Say, that reminds me, your last letter said, tobacco was "nopoo" or in other words you were not allowed to send it. The other fellows get pounds of it and have since we got here, so try again, I could sure use those cigars. Now I refuse to answer anymore questions in this letter. In my next, which I will write about six months hence I will swear to answer the rest. Now I'll cut out the foolishness and settle down to this letter.

I've received all the letters you have written so far, two of them however, had been all over France. Now, please, address them as Maj. Beasley wrote you, that is the best address. The trouble is, our being an American Unite in a British hospital they get our mail mixed, so if you address them as Maj. Beasley instructed, I'll get the letters.

I received the sweaters and the boots. Those boots were just what I wanted and needed. Just imagine being pulled out of bed about 2 a. m. for a convoy when its raining like blazes, and have to slop around in shoes for two or three hours, not very nice, so those boots are "ties bien," or in English "fine." I meant when I wired for you to send my old sweaters, but from your letter I took it that you thought I meant to buy new ones. Why the extravagance, when these are good? But, I'll sure appreciate the Red Cross sweater, and I can use it.

Your Xmas box is here and packed under my bunk. I'm nuts to open it but won't until Xmas morning. I also have Uncle Will's box. Miss Lockie Arnold wrote me a nice letter telling me it was on the way. I also received a box from Cousin Minnie. I couldn't help but open it when its contents were marked on the outside, and I was just starving for figs, dates, raisins and nuts, so that box was opened and is gradually disappearing. Cousin Florence sent me Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross

Man." They are wonderful. If you get a chance, buy the book. It is the most wonderful thing I have read for ages. It gives the true conditions over here, and I'm sure you will enjoy it.

And still the war continues. Germany smashes Italy. England and France smash Germany. Germany smashes Russia and England busts Turkey. Will it ever stop? It has to some time, and I think soon. Never before since we have been here have the boys from the line seemed so hopeful as they do now. Oh, yes, I will answer another question. Our patients are entirely British. Poor devils they come down here simply torn to pieces. Minus arms and legs, eyes and noses, gassed and sick. At first it was awful, as I wrote, but now it is a matter of fact. One gets accustomed in seeing such terrible suffering. It is one of the prices of war. The gassed cases are the most obnoxious, as can readily be seen and they are the most likely cases to "kick off" at the most unexpected time. You might nurse a man along for days thinking he was getting well when all of a sudden he'd take a bad turn and be gone in half an hour. Of course this will sound gruesome to you until you get accustomed to it.

Since I wrote last I've been sick, nothing but too much work in that bloomin' Post Office. Was only in the hospital 6 days. Dr. said I just needed rest. After I got out they put me back in ward work—said I had too long hours in the P. O. So now again I am orderly and have received another promotion. I am now rated as a "First class male nursing orderly." I have never imagined myself being in a place where I would see much less dress such nasty wounds and see such awful sights. But C'est le Guerre as the French say, or "elt is the war."

We had some Thanksgiving here. We were all off duty from 12:30 until two. One mess hall was all decorated with holly and flags, and the tables were all nice, even had table cloths. Well, we filed in and took our places. At each plate was a menu and a package of cigarettes, a package of tobacco and a big, fat cigar. Rev. Dancey gave a short prayer, then started the fun. Around the hall went our mess sergeant holding up a big, juicy, brown turkey. He was followed by our stringed band. After we had cheered for a while, they started dinner. First oyster soup, then turkey, mashed potatoes, peas, turkey dressing, apple and cranberry sauce. Well, we had more than we could eat. Plenty of turkey and everything. We were about full when here came crab salad and sauce, followed by real pumpkin pie. Then cheese, nuts and coffee.

Don't know what we will do Xmas, but I hope we have something and I think we will.

I have gotten cards from most of the store bunch. Mr. Joe sent a little package with a pair of slippers, a corn cob pipe, a package of tobacco and two handkerchiefs. It was sure nice of him.

I have a peach of a nurse in my ward. A Miss Highley. She sews up my clothes and sews on my buttons for me. Said I needed someone to look after me. That remark was brought forth after I had gone around for two or three days with a hole in my shirt.

Have had my photos taken and will send them as soon as I get them. I believe I am a little taller. If dad don't send me a photo I'm going to disown him and futher more if he don't write me a letter in his own hand, I'll sever diplomatic relations.

You will have gotten my Xmas wire before you get this, so I'll wish you a Merry Washington's birthday and a Happy Valentine's.

God bless you, my dears, and remember I live for the day

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION CALLING ON CITIZENS FOR MEATLESS, PORKLESS AND WHEATLESS DAYS

A PROCLAMATION

Many causes have contributed to create the necessity for a more intensive effort on the part of our people to save food in order that we may supply our associates in the war with the sustenance vitally necessary to them in these days of privation and stress. The reduced productivity of Europe because of the large diversion of man power to the war, the partial failure of harvests, and the elimination of the more distant markets for foodstuffs through the destruction of shipping places the burden of their subsistence very largely on our shoulders.

The Food Administration has formulated suggestions which, if followed, will enable us to meet this great responsibility without any real inconvenience on our part.

In order that we may reduce our consumption of wheat and wheat products by 30 per cent.—a reduction imperatively necessary to provide the supply for overseas—wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers should purchase and resell to their customers only 70 per cent. of the amounts used in 1917. All manufacturers of alimentary pastes, biscuits, crackers, pastry, and breakfast cereals should reduce their purchases and consumption of wheat and wheat flour to 70 per cent. of their 1917 requirements, and all bakers of bread and rolls to 80 per cent. of their current requirements. Consumers should reduce their purchases of wheat products for home preparation to at most 70 per cent. of those of last year, or when buying bread should purchase mixed cereal breads from the bakers.

To provide sufficient cereal food, homes, public eating places, dealers, and manufacturers should substitute potatoes, vegetables, corn, barley, oats, and rice products, and mixed cereal bread and other products of the bakers which contain an admixture of other cereals.

In order that consumption may be restricted to this extent, Mondays and Wednesdays should be observed as wheatless days each week, and one meal each day should be observed as a wheatless meal.

In both homes and public eating places, in order to reduce the consumption of beef, pork, and sheep products, Tuesday should be observed as meatless day in each week, one meatless meal should be observed in each day, while, in addition, Saturday in each week should further be observed as a day upon which there should be no consumption of pork products.

A continued economy in the use of sugar will be necessary until later in the year.

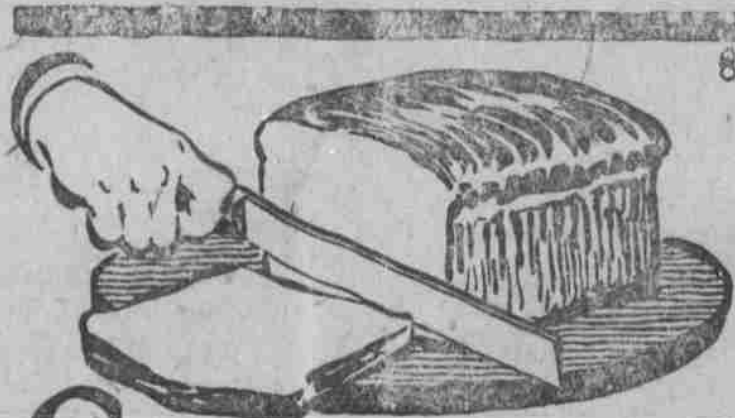
It is imperative that all waste and unnecessary consumption of all sorts of foodstuffs should be rigidly eliminated.

The maintenance of the health and strength of our own people is vitally necessary at this time, and there should be no dangerous restriction of the food supply; but the elimination of every sort of waste and the substitution of other commodities of which we have more abundant supplies of those which we need to save will in no way impair the strength of our people and will enable us to meet one of the most pressing obligations of the war.

I, therefore, in the national interest, take the liberty of calling upon every loyal American to take fully to heart the suggestions which are being circulated by the Food Administration and of begging that they be followed. I am confident that the great body of our women, who have labored so loyally in co-operation with the Food Administration for the success of food conservation, will strengthen their efforts and will take it as a part of their burden in this period of national service to see that the above suggestions are observed throughout the land.

WOODROW WILSON.

The White House, Jan. 18, 1918.



Save a loaf
a week
help win
the war

when I can come back to you. Tell everyone, hello, and thank them for me for their kindnesses.

From your devoted son,
Pendleton.

From Lieut. L. I. Morris, Company "K" 28th Infantry, A. E. Force.

France, December 25, '17.
Mother Dearie:

There is no use trying to write a Christmas letter. In the first place I'm not a pen pusher, and in the second, there is very little to say. I know that all of you are having a happy time of it at home—and so are we. Kind fortune decreed it that I gave us a room with a bath and would not have to spend it in

the country. My application for a pass was granted and I immediately caught a train for the grand villa.

There were a lot of us there and I'm not so sure that we didn't make France's 4th war Christmas a happier one.

Our train landed there at 1 o'clock at night, and we had to catch one of those wild taxis to find a hotel. Everything is locked up at 9 o'clock and in order to get a room you have to burgle the place. Before we could get the janitor to open the door we had nearly broken down a door and everybody in the neighborhood was awake. They gave us a room with a bath and I was almost tempted to sleep

in the bath tub surrounded by an ocean of hot water. We are used to a little shower down in the country. In spite of the "eat in a strange garret" feeling we slept quite well—and next morning we set about seeing what was going on.

There were a lot of Americans there and we were quite at home. After doing a little shopping we went to the famous opera house to see the opera "Faust." It surprised me that they would produce so German a production. However, I enjoyed the music just the same. The artists were splendid and the orchestra was nearly as good as in normal times—so I am told. The opera house itself is quite a sight. The marble stairs, the different loggia (balconies)—there were six of them, and most interesting of all, the people. The hues are rather somber at present, but they tell me that in peace times the brilliant gowns and flashing uniforms make it a very beautiful picture. The sober background is quite good enough for me.

The French do not have turkeys, therefore, we had none for dinner. But it was quite a feed even at that. Uncle Sam sent his boys a lot of good eats, and saw to it that there was plenty of everything. The unfortunate thing about our stay was its brevity. We had to catch a train at noon and spend the greater part of our time changing trains. You can never imagine how exasperating it is to have to change in France. They have enough red tape for an army, and they seem to thrive on that sort of thing.

After our train journey we had to walk about a half of a mile to our billet. The snow had fallen about six inches during our absence and our little village made a perfect picture snuggled up on the side of the hill. There are a great many pine trees around here. Everyone of them had been decorated by mother nature. Each one was a Christmas tree and the natural decorations made a beautiful sight. The French tell us that we are due for a mild winter, that last winter was a very severe one and it seems to alternate, good and bad. I hope that this guess is correct for I don't want any Nebraska weather over here—not yet.

We have bought a new stove for our billet and we can keep things as warm as toast in here now. Usually we have a lot of visitors on that account. I wish you could see the bunch that gathers about that fire. We have some fine fellows here now and it is a bad night when we can't get together and chat a while. Only yesterday one of us was appointed "Salvage Officer." He has to see that all worn clothing is properly disposed of. We immediately dubbed him "Rubbish," and he has to sing "Rags, old iron, etc.," for us every so often.

Tis getting quite late and the old sojer must get in 40 winks. Therefore, I must be brief. Lots of love and a ship load of kisses to each and every one of you.

From your own.

Boy.

Lieut. and Mrs. J. C. Snyder announce the birth of a son—Conway Wilson—Thursday, January 24, 1918.

L. D. Lesueur went to Kansas City Tuesday on business.

Miss Theresa Wilson went to Kansas City Tuesday for a visit.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mrs. Anna L. Dillard went to Kansas City Tuesday for brief visit.

Mrs. J. T. Hurt, who has been a guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Johnson, went to Kansas City Tuesday for a visit.

Elmer C. Duebbert for Collector. Elmer C. Duebbert, city clerk of Wellington and assistant cashier of the Farmers Bank of Wellington, announces in this week's edition of The Intelligencer his candidacy for the Republican nomination for county collector. Mr. Duebbert was nominated two years ago by the Republican party for the office of public administrator. This was done without his knowledge, but he very reluctantly accepted the nomination and made the race.

The following is taken from the Wellington News, which in turn copies from its "Who's Who" column under date of September 14, 1916, and which further states that it portrays Mr. Duebbert as he is seen today:

"The name of Elmer C. Duebbert is perhaps as well known to the News readers as the paper is itself, for he has been a resident here since 1890, the most of which time has been identified in some manner or other with the city's progress. He was born in Warren county in 1836, and came here four years later, since which time he has become a portion of the warp and woof of this commonwealth. A pupil in the local schools, he advanced rapidly and as soon as the required education was assimilated, he went to Kansas City where he perfected himself in a four year course in a commercial college. Returning here he entered a local establishment as a clerk which occupation he followed for three years and then went to the mines, his first work being a coal dumper. Being ambitious he soon advanced to the position of weighman and from there he was placed in the position as office man, which position he held for four years.

When the Farmers bank was established in 1912, he was chosen as assistant cashier, which place he still holds today, with credit both to himself and the institution. He has also become a director of the banking institution and is always at the forefront in all public affairs. He has never held an elective office.

Upon the demise of his parents, Mr. Duebbert assumed the duties as administrator of the estate, and he today represents one of the largest property interests in the town, and the estate is the largest single taxpaying interest in the city, the property holdings exceeding that of any individual.

Individually, today Mr. Duebbert is a large taxpayer and owns one of the most beautiful and modern homes in the county. He is an "out-of-door" man and identifies himself with clean sports of whatsoever nature.

Of a natural retiring disposition he prefers to let others do the playing in life's baseball game while he is playing the bench. But when selecting the foremost citizens of Wellington you will always find Elmer Duebbert's name well up in the list and he will never be found wanting."

Miss Mary Chamberlain returned Monday to her home in Kansas City after a week's visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Layton Barnett.

Hugh Shelby and wife returned Sunday evening to Wellington after a brief visit here with relatives.

C. A. Keith went to Kansas City Tuesday on legal business.

Lieut. Donald Wilson returned Tuesday to Camp Funston, after a week's furlough.

Mrs. H. K. St. Clair returned Monday evening from a few days' visit with her mother, Mrs. Florence Alford, in Kansas City.

Martin Strobel went to Jefferson City Monday on business.

WANTED: Farm hand, good wages, house and garden furnished. Apply to M. C. McFadin